The COMMONWEAL

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EDWARD S. SKILLIN, *Editor*

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John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith

Kappo Phelan, *Theater* Philip T. Hartung, *Cinema*

Corresponding Editor

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The Skirmishes Against Inflation

PARTY POLITICS looms in the foreground of the opening attacks upon inflation. The President carried out with a vengeance the first part of his dual purpose in convoking the special session by calling for a formidable series of commodity, credit and price controls. Unfriendly analysts ascribed it primarily as a demand for powers which the Republican Congress would not grant so that the onus for further inflation could be laid at its door, come elections. On this hypothesis the four-point Republican bill, which was defeated primarily by a solid Democratic bloc of votes in the House, December 15, is also primarily another political move to enable the Republicans to document their own recriminations. The fact that the bill added up to so little (it would merely continue export controls, as everyone is agreed, permit price reductions voluntarily reached by businesses without fear of anti-trust prosecution, increase the gold reserves of federal reserve banks and continue allocations of freight cars). All the same, there will now be some argument as to who thwarted whom in the matter of setting up effective blocks against inflation. And the jockeying of the parties definitely puts off any serious attempt to stem the tide.

Meanwhile the extremely vocal National Association of Manufacturers continues to press its own 12-point businessman's anti-inflation program. Comparing this with the Truman scheme of somewhat similar scope, one is forced to the conclusion that economics is no more of a science in the United States than is education (and in both fields nearly everyone feels equal to expressing an opinion).

Whereas one of the kingpins of the Truman program—though not adverted to on November 17 for certain strategic reasons—is the maintenance of high income taxes, the NAM stresses tax reduction. They go on to say that this would release funds for private capital investment and carry this idea along by calling for government policies which would encourage corporations to plow back profits into the business, instead of, as now, making it more attractive to distribute at least 70 percent of the profits as dividends (subject to individual income taxes). And despite the reduction in tax receipts involved above, the NAM calls upon Washington to retire at least $2,500,000,000 of the national public debt annually—all through new government hyper-efficiency, inexplicably attained.

But to get back to the relationship between taxes and inflation. If individual income taxes are materially reduced, citizens will inexorably have more money in pocket. That will inevitably heighten the demand for goods which is one of the chief current bugbears. There is no way of enforcing the channeling of these individually welcome funds into the ventures of private capital. The increasingly attractive products of American industry beckon as does entertainment, and every so often a flier in the commodity market. The proportion of newly untaxed funds which would be tied up in more or less long-term investments is a slender reed on which to base much hope of stemming inflation.

It may be said that the main weaknesses of the Truman program are political. It has the virtue of tackling head-on the rise in cost of the essentials: food, clothing and shelter. Yet it raises questions such as this: will controls on simply a few basic items work; are the American people aware enough of the dangers threatening to submit again to wartime-type controls, and if they do agree, how can government effectively combat the ensuing black market?

The situation could hardly be more complex and confusing. If to a national determination to combat inflation is added the maintenance of a high tax rate, the continuation and strengthening of rent, transportation and the other few controls we still have, plus some new priorities and allocations at the agricultural and industrial raw-

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material levels, we may somehow muddle through. If we don't make it, then the government will have to get down to cases for fair. Recent experience would indicate for one thing that price controls will not work without effective rationing.

The Ban on Recording

WHERE we work there is a man next door who plays music on the radio while *he* works, and most of his music (which is interfering momentarily with the writing of this paragraph) comes from records which are turning on a platter in some studio while the disk jockey and the engineer sit and smoke and that is the way the afternoon is going. Mr. James C. Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians, promises relief. After January 31, 1948, none of his musicians will be allowed to make new records. The relief is uncertain for two reasons. In the first place, the Hungarian Rhapsody, which we never liked anyway, is now coming through the wall; it was recorded long ago; no matter what Mr. Petrillo does, it—and too many others like it—will be available for perpetual re-recording and re-transmission. Secondly, it is impossible to believe that Mr. Petrillo's ban will last for long. One cannot keep Sinatra singing day and night, or live musicians playing day and night, and unless music comes out of the little box in the hot dog stand, out of the big box in the bar room, out of the dashboard of the car, out of the instalment-purchased Regency cabinet in the parlor, out of the combination radio and alarm clock which is part of the bed, how can Americans live by day or sleep by night?

Last week the Moving Picture Industry hastened to a favorite national meeting place for the facing of perils—the Waldorf in New York—and dismissed the Hollywood recalcitrant witnesses; this week, representatives of radio networks, record manufacturers, program arrangers, transcription manufacturers, instrument manufacturers, broadcasters, television and frequency modulation, are meeting in this large hotel to see what they can do with, or to, Mr. Petrillo—in order that there may be records. Surely there will be an arrangement. Our afternoons in the office will still be musical and our evenings too, when we listen voluntarily.

Our sympathies of course are with the "live" musicians, and if Mr. Petrillo, without taking away our records, can help them survive, our sympathies are with him. First things first. You cannot have music, or recorded music, unless there are musicians to play. But our sympathies go also to the public and especially to ourselves. In the late hours of the night at which many of us choose to listen, we need records, the wonderful records which bring living music into the quiet room, the unquiet heart.

Family Allowances Legislation

SINCE 1945, the Dominion of Canada has been operating a plan of extra wages for the heads of families with children, similar to that in force in thirty-eight other countries the world over. The Canadian scale is as follows: these benefits are available only for those families with a yearly income of $3,600 or less; $5 per month is added to regular wages for the first child, $2.50 per month additional for the second and proportionate additional allowances for each succeeding child. One of the answers of the Mackenzie King government to the electoral threat of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (CCF), the scheme constitutes one realistic means of aiming at a genuine living wage. A graduated family wage is one of the specific recommendations of Pius XI's "Quadragesimo Anno."

It is now reported from Washington by NCWC that Senator Robert F. Wagner has a staff at work studying the Canadian and other family wage systems, with a view to proposing a family-allowance bill in Congress if his findings are encouraging. Such a law would be a Godsend to many families of wage-earners harried today by the inflated living costs.

Unity of Europe

ON DECEMBER fifteenth, the fifth session of the four-power Council of Foreign Ministers adjourned, without day of reconvening. The disunity could not be overcome; unity was impossible between France, England and the United States on the one hand, and Russia on the other. This end was expected and was quite undramatic. There had been no unity in the Big Four Council for two and a half years, in the face of nearly every preliminary problem. There could be, and there was, no serious expectation that the form would be reversed before the final problem of the disposition of Germany.

The problem of disunity has almost infinite ranges and it reaches into the spirit, where alone it could be solved to give the peace we are probably looking for, whether we know it or not. But even at the most superficial level of vulgarly practical politics the disintegrating lack of unity is a more and more clearly separated dual problem: the break at the iron curtain, East *vs* West, communism against the rest; and then within Europe and the West, the excessive national separations, the fragmented economies, barriers to people's movements, the withdrawals of understanding, sympathy and helping cooperation. Of these two problems of disunity—East-West, and within-the-West—the second must have priority.

The work of bringing tolerable unity to western Europe and the Americas has been sacrificed to efforts at bridging the East and West: efforts

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which have brought failures and disasters, repeatedly, repetitiously, mercilessly. There are just so many chances given to learn lessons from experience and history, and then one is kicked aside and abandoned and lost. The condition of the West, of France and Italy and Germany, and of England, of the small countries, and even of the Americas—and of all them together—is more and more plainly, as time drifts by, impossible. Some people starve, some enter obviously revolutionary situations from which change is inevitable.

The work of bringing active unity to the West is not a work against the unity of East and West. It is a matter of priorities. Both are desired and both sought, but the first no longer is sabotaged to court the second. The development of the UN remains a global effort in which the collaboration of Russia is welcomed and solicited. The normal methods of diplomatic exchange and cooperation are maintained and built up. Closed "worlds" and autarchies are not the objectives, but rather a growing society with a form stable enough to support life, while in no way static.

The régimes of the principal countries of Europe are impossible. More, really, than régimes: the condition of food, shelter and clothing, and production, exchange and distribution, and the personal and psychological situation of continued and extreme imbalance and desperate uncertainty. Germany, again first, is in a way that cannot continue. France and Italy have gone through something like July Days in December; and their problems don't end with these strikes.

The western European countries seem desperately to have three needs, all of them needs for different unities. They require adequately solid political-economic régimes so that they can build. They must have more secure transnational unity among themselves for economic exchange and cooperation and complementing, and for interplay and collaboration in many other spheres of life than only economic. They need outside aid to sustain life and morale and to prime a greater production and sounder economy for the future.

The United States is implicated in this work by every sort of consideration of ethics, altruism and self-interest—and without possible withdrawal. Our plainest job is to help with outside resources. That is the special responsibility of this country and our most direct and politically simplest operation. By itself, however, outside aid cannot do enough for Europe and for the community to which America belongs. The United States must serve as a positive factor in advancing a much more united Europe. This is politically far more difficult, and propagandistically terribly hard. The communists of Russia and all the world, including the US, will interpret and misinterpret every aid or initiative of ours as interference, imperialism, and war-mongering between East and West. But there is need—really absolute need—to carry on without faintheartedness. In truth, the policy is the reverse of imperialism, since it is an effort to build up in Europe an adequately united power which will be far greater in proportion to our own than any existing now.

Thirdly, and most difficult of all, the US must contribute as it can to the establishment in the European countries of solid régimes. Without them, the outside resources will simply make up, partially, for lost home production (as it is the communist line to guarantee), or be wasted and corrupted into weapons of disorder—operation rathole. Without them, a wider unity than the excessively and obsoletely narrow national states can have no foundations on which Europeans can build. Here again, the policy has to be pursued in the teeth of certain lies and misrepresentation. And we cannot make the constitutions and select the political parties and create the climate of political life: except that we cannot help doing very much those very things in western Germany where the American people are, whether they like it or not, sovereign.

The American operations have to be a package job, doing all the things at once. The more a united power of Europe is generated, the less danger there is for us or for anybody through American activity in helping to strengthen the internal national régimes. The actual physical aid arriving there can easily give impetus to stabilization on a national and European scale. The main, immediate need appears to be for decision. The European people, who have seen the futility of the Big Four negotiations and who have suffered, waiting, must be fully reassured by America that their problems of unity among themselves and material aid will no longer be held up and will not again by sacrificed for the appeasement of Russia by any action or connivance of the US.

The progressive unification of Europe must be projected into the front of Western policy. It would be hard for America to take the lead in this, but our policy can surely give all support, encouragement and seconding. The day the Big Four broke up, *sine die*, the *Times* reported that four organizations for European unity met in Paris and set up an international committee of coordination: "The organizations represented included the French Council for a United Europe, headed by Edouard Herriot; the Independent League for European Cooperation, headed by Paul van Zeeland of Belgium [a Benelux country]; the European Union of Federalists, led by Dr. Henri Brugmans of The Netherlands [ditto] and the movement for a United Europe, of which Winston Churchill is President."

If a short news box like that could be expanded and a strong-hearted confidence should quickly enter the movement, then it may not have been so gloomy a front page at that.

PHILIP BURNHAM.

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A Christmas Devotion

THOMAS MERTON

IT IS A terrible thing, that no one of us should realize what it means that there has been a Christmas in our world.

Yet some of us will, perhaps, say: "We know what it is all about. Christ is born."

"So Christ is born! And what does that mean?"

"It means we are redeemed; it means we are saved."

"Is that all?"

"Christ is born! We are going to go to heaven!" And I say to you, it is a terrible thing that none of us should be able to realize what it means, that there has been a Christmas in our world.

★

Is this something that happens in every man's childhood? It happened in mine. Yours too, I suppose. One day (which was almost certainly not Christmas) without any apparent reason or occasion, you suddenly became conscious of who you were. Your identity came out like an image on a negative, and it was real with a new and unfamiliar kind of reality that was realer than anything you knew.

It was something you felt to be too important to tell anybody, so important that it was impossible to explain. . . .

You had discovered that you were a person. You knew who you were.

There was once conceived a Man to Whom this happened at the first second when He came into existence.

A human Soul, a will capable of unimaginably great love and a mind wide enough to take in infinity: a soul, mind and will, which had, a moment before, been nothing, had not existed, came into being because in the heart of a girl an almost unspoken assent was given to a movement of great grace.

And in the fraction of a second in which this Soul, in its Flesh, began to exist, the Man Who was so conceived was at once awake and saw, not vaguely, not in mystery, not with surmise or question, but saw clearly, and fully, and without being dazzled or frightened—saw Who He was.

He saw Who He was, because when He awoke out of nothingness He was gazing, with His whole Intellect into the Face of the Infinite Truth Who was at the same time His Father and Himself.

This Man, Who had never before existed, and had just begun to exist, saw, realized, fully grasped the meaning not of the words "I exist, I am myself," but:

"I am God!"

That does not shake you? You can consider that proposition, and you are still conscious? That a Man should come into existence and at once fully comprehend, without a shadow of the slightest fear of any uncertitude, that He is God—this does not surprise you?

Perhaps you are thinking: It was not a surprise to Him, not even a discovery. He had known that forever. He was the Word.

You have not quite grasped the statement.

It was a *Man* that knew this thing, a Man's mind, a *human* intellect, a *human* soul, a soul that had not existed until that moment, a soul as created and as independent as your soul or mine, as human as yours or mine, with all the autonomous consciousness of an individual man who knows and loves and knows that he knows and loves, and is aware of himself as distinct from every other man.

It was not the Person of the Word that experienced what I have just said, but the human soul of Christ. And the Person of the Word has no intellect of His own as Word: His Divine Intellect is One with that of the Father and the Holy Ghost.

It was not the Word realizing that He was the Word but Christ's human soul realizing in the light of His own Divinity:

"I, an individual Man, distinct from all the other men who have been born and ever shall be born, *I am God!*"

And yet that proposition does not begin to tell us anything about what the soul of Christ saw and realized when He came into being and knew His own identity.

★

There is a tremendous silence peculiar to victory.

It belongs to nothing else: only to victory.

It is so profound that it comprehends, absorbs, penetrates everything. The battle is all over. The horrible tornado of noise is all over. The killing has all stopped. Silence. Everything relaxes.

The quiet sinks into your muscles, seeps right through you, and slowly, sweetly, mightily illuminates, enriches the mind and pacifies the will, and embraces all the being that is yourself with a splendid calm. . . .

Take the Book of Psalms and read the second one in the book.

"Why have the gentiles raged, and the people devised vain things?

"The kings of the earth stood up and the princes met together against the Lord and against His Christ. Let us break their bonds asunder: and let us cast away their yoke from us. He that dwelleth in heaven shall laugh at them: and the Lord shall deride them. Then shall He speak to them in His anger and trouble them in His rage. . . ."

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Victory. Silence.

And out of the unfathomable deeps of the light of the heart of that silence the calm voice of everlasting Certitude:

"The Lord hath said to Me: *Thou Art My Son,* This day have I begotten Thee . . ."

★

You know well enough what it is to love your friends. Their joy becomes your joy because you are anointed with gladness at the mere thought of the things that have enriched your friend's soul. To think how happy your friends are (when they are happy) is enough to make you happy all day long.

It is enough to love Christ, and to realize what was in the soul of Christ from the first moment that He began to be Christ—this, I say, is enough to make you happy forever. Only realize, and remember it. You will never know sorrow.

In a sense, that will be the best thing in heaven: realizing the glory of Christ's recognition of Who He Is. And that is a safe statement, because in this mystery most of all will we come somewhere near understanding the fulness of the infinite depths of the nature and essence of God Who is Love.

But we have not yet really said what that realization was.

We have put what Christ saw into the words "I am God." Translated, that means "I am everything." But that is not enough, and it is so inadequate that it gives a completely false idea.

Here is the true idea, and the one which alone really opens to us the way to enter into Christ's joy.

What He realized, on realizing Who He was, was not merely: "I am everything," but *"I have received* everything." *Omnia mihi tradita sunt.* "All things are delivered to Me and no one knoweth the Son but the Father: neither doth anyone know the Father but the Son, and he to whom it shall please the Son to reveal Him."

This is the thing Christ saw in that first moment of profound silence and which He contemplated in the solitude of His infinitely deep love all His days on earth, and which He contemplates in heaven, and in our tabernacles, at this hour.

From the soundless depths of the infinite Godhead into the depths and roots of His human soul and human being came not only creation and sustenance and assistance and all given power but His human being existed and subsisted in a Divine Person, so that His being was the Being of God and His acts were attributed to the Word of God, His love was God's love and His vision was God's vision, and all this was His by the gift and the eternal decree of the inconceivable, immense Love Who is God.

We who are little and weak, we who are straw men, we cannot think of the greatest experiences of life without seeing everything through the cloud of a fervid excitement. Love is too much for us. God is too much for us. His glory is apt to carry us away, sweep us out of ourselves. We lose all understanding in agitation and feeling and excitement.

With Christ it was not so.

You want to understand what is glory? The glory of God?

His soul embodied the philosopher's definition: *clara cognitio cum laude*—clear knowledge full of praise. For Christ's soul, from that first moment, was all clarity, all peace, all magnificent and luminous silence and all praise and in the first glance of His Man's life He did not fear to look straight, or to open to God His Heart's Love and receive the Love of God in one draught, in one tremendous breath!

And in that instant He saw—as He afterwards taught Duns Scotus to see, the He, Christ, this Man, this perfect Soul, this Sacred Heart, he was the reason why the world and the universe and all the living things and the men and the angels and all mighty spirits had been created. He was their Head, the Head of men and angels. He was their life, their salvation, their very reason for existence.

He saw that God, Who from all eternity loved Himself for the sake of His own perfect Love, wanted to share His Love with someone outside Himself, other than Himself. He willed to see His own Joy exulting in a will, an intellect other than His own and as perfectly as in His own. And instead of choosing an angelic spirit to receive this gift of Himself, He had chosen the humblest of the rational natures and united it to Himself in unity of Person, in order that His own magnificent Love might be the more exultant and exalted!

And the Christ Who came into being at that fraction of a second and realized Who He was and what was His immense dignity: He it was Who came into existence and looked, without fear or excitement, full into the face of the truth: *"I am that Man. I am the Christ. I am God."*

★

We who are men and are born into a world full of wars and sufferings which are the fruit of our own sins, we naturally look at the Incarnation first of all from our point of view. Before everything else we see that the Child Christ is born to us as a Savior and a Redeemer. We lift up our heads in the middle of our grief and look upon a Messiah Who has come to deliver us from ourselves and give us peace, peace in our hearts and joy.

But the Christ Who is born to us is not think-

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ing most of all of our sins or of His Cross. These only enter into His vision in an incidental way, *per accidens*.

Realizing Who He is, contemplating the terrific Love that has given Him a Divine Existence, He instantly does the one thing that He was brought into the world to do: He answers the gift of God to Himself by the entire offering of Himself to God.

He would have done the same thing if there had never been a sin in the world. He was born for one thing only: to give God perfect glory by His love, and to bring all rational and spiritual beings into participation of His own Love of God. And thus the whole universe would give God glory in Christ.

At the first momnet of His Incarnation, in the clarity of that silence and intelligence, the soul of Christ blazed with the flame of God's glory, the radiance of eternity, His own Love, praise, and adoration of God.

He looked into the depths of the Trinity, of which His own Person was, so to speak, the center, and his Sacred Heart, Man's Heart, Human Will, Man's Soul, shone like the sun and overflowed with the fire of an adoration intense, perfect, calm and supreme. It was the adequate, total, integral adoration which alone could give God the glory that really belongs to Him. The flame of that act bursts forth from the depths of the Divine Being of the Man Christ and speaks God's praise into the very essence of God without tremor and without dismay.

"Ecce venio . . . Behold I come to do Thy will, O Lord!" . . .

That act has never ceased. It goes on forever. We have often seen it without understanding, as it is repeated over and over before our eyes on our Altars. That act of Love, of Infinite Adoration would have been the center and source of all spiritual life in time and in eternity, even if Adam had never sinned and there had been no captives to redeem . . .

But since there was sin in the world, without an added effort, almost without an added expense of thought or consideration, that perfect flame also embraced a cross and consumed all sin. The God that had come to live among us as Man would also live among us as Redeemer and: here is the difference. There was one thing that made the flame of His love burn, if possible, with a more tremendous intensity: it was the joy that He could even sacrifice and seem to destroy Himself for the glory of His Father!

★

You are looking for the meaning of Christmas? You cannot help seeing it, first of all, from the point of view of our own human misery. But if you want to *celebrate* Christmas, enter into the celebration which is in the soul of the Man-God, Christ!

Where will you find that celebration? Not in noise, but in silence. Not in restlessness, but in peace. Not in selfishness, but in selflessness. Not in your own misery, but in the greatness and goodness of God. Not outside your own soul, but within your own soul, and as deep within it as the point where the spirit, in the invisible, suprasensible clarity of grace and faith, makes vital contact with the Word Who is Christ.

Enter into His peace, His silence, that you may taste His glory, and realize something of what it means that there has been a Christmas in our dark world: and realize that there is a feast which is celebrated at the very roots of all existence!

Liberals' Dilemma

FRANK A. RILEY

IT IS a small college in a city of Latin America (about five hundred men and women), nearly all from US and it has no quota system. Jews and Negroes are admitted freely and there are an average number of each. The faculty represents all shades of philosophy and opinion; the school has no religious affiliations and in this town there are no other colleges with religious affiliations and so there is a wide and fairly even diversity of religion and irreligion. Of course a large number of the students are veterans now.

This is what happened. A professor of twenty years' experience teaching Spanish was using as a Spanish reader in one of his upper division courses a book called *"La Ciudad Atomica,"* written about twenty-five years ago by a Latin-American. It was a satire on the city of New York, and while hard on Yankees in general, it also contained some passages which certainly could not be called complimentary to Negroes and Jews.

Now this particular Spanish class had both Negroes and Jews in it and in addition they happened to belong to one of the more progressive veterans' organizations on the campus. Presently a committee from the veterans' group called on the dean (without going to the professor) and petitioned that the book be withdrawn on the grounds that it was prejudicial and insulting to both Jews and Negroes. Like most deans, this one had long been a champion of minority rights. He was at first impressed and asked to see the offending passages. Here is a translation of the worst of it:

> Behind Broadway, on Rivington Street especially, one begins to see beards. Vegetable beards of feather grass, of raffia, of hemp, of corn, of rolled cotton and animal beards of goat, owl, porcupine. Beards in the form of brooms and beards in the form of foxes. Winter beards and summer beards. Wavy

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beards, braided beards and virus-infested beards. Horizontal beards and vertical beards. Rough beards, withered beards and crisp beards. Polychromed beards. Lustrous beards with almost metallic gleam, faded beards without shine or color. Caracul beards, silk beards and feather beards.

We are in the heart of the ghetto . . . the Jew has a little stove where he cooks his supper; but if someone is hungry, he has but to offer the price. On Rivington Street everything is for sale. . . .

It (two in the morning) is the hour of Harlem, the hour in which the most monstrous Negro holds in his arms the most golden Anglo-Saxon woman. The hour in which the high Wilson-type professor begins to dance the rhumba with the colored servant girl. . . . There are little Negroes and gaily dressed ones that walk through the streets of Harlem with the petulance of a fox terrier that has a collar on for the first time. Others are enormous, like gorillas. . . . I have for all of them a great sympathy. . . . Negroes are always children for their candor and their cunning, for their capacity to admire, for their unjustified terrors, on par with their unawareness to real danger, and above all for the enormous creative force of their imagination. . . . There are those who speak of killing all Negroes; there are those who speak of sterilizing them, or throwing them out and after all, any one of these methods might be logical. But the absurdity is this thing of separating the Negroes from the whites. . . . Why separate two things of as different appearance as a blue liquid and a colorless liquid. And why separate Negroes from whites if the difference between them is immediately seen by the most myopic? . . .

The dean said two things could be done: 1. The matter could be brought before the Student Senate; 2. He could consult the faculty. Then the dean proceeded to consult with some members of the faculty individually. One of them was a professor of philosophy who left Europe as a consequence of his political and philosophical views. He had once been the head of a European university, but the way he taught and thought had been disapproved by the government. It was not just an academic problem for him. In his view it was plainly an issue of academic freedom and the book should absolutely *not* be banned from the class. The philosophy professor said that here was a plain fascistic tendency. Some other members of the faculty disagreed with the philosopher, but the majority thought that the issue of academic freedom was more important than that of possible vicious racial teachings.

★

Then the Student Senate considered the matter. The offending passages were read. A Negro from the Spanish class told how, when his outfit had landed in the Philippines, one of the natives had asked him if it hurt to sit on his tail. That is what some Americans in prewar times had told this particular group of Filipinos—that all American Negroes had tails. No, this was no teapot tempest. These lies so gaily passed off about Jews and Negroes had far reaching and vicious results. The Student Senate voted unanimously that the book should be banned.

It had become a public issue by now. Someone observed that if the offended parties had directly approached the professor in a friendly way, instead of the dean in a round-about and unfriendly way, the matter might have been settled "out of court." Perhaps. But it had become a public issue. Feelings had been aroused. No matter what decision was made, someone was about to get hurt. Either the professor's academic freedom was going to be violated or a race and a religion were going to be snubbed, and insults to them publicly ignored by the educators.

The professor of Spanish meanwhile stood by while the battle raged, submitting the decision to the "authorities." He said he had used the book for fourteen years in another university where there were many Jews and there had never been a protest. The picture began to be confused, for it turned out that he, a Cuban by birth, had a largely Negro ancestry.

At this point the dean announced that he considered it a matter primarily of academic freedom. He was a professor of history himself and he said that if the principle the veterans' group was invoking was generally applied, then most of the history books in the library should be discarded and they ought to have a book burning. The dean also happened to be a Catholic and he said that he could never have pursued graduate studies in one of the great non-sectarian universities of the country if he had protested every time he came across an untruth or insult about the Catholic Church in the history books. He also said that this was a college, presumably for mature persons, and that mature people should be able to take such things for what they were worth, that one of the faculties a college attempted to develop was the critical faculty.

The veterans' committee replied that it certainly did not want to interfere with academic freedom or be put in the position of recommending censorship. *But,* this was a matter of principle. They argued that if the book in question had been used to illustrate prejudicial practices in a sociology class (as *"Mein Kampf"* might be) that would be all right. But it was being presented as literature. At this point the professor of sociology pointed out that some years ago "The Merchant of Venice" had to be expurgated of its Jewish nastiness before it could be used in the New York public school system—at levels beneath the college level however. The veterans pointed out that the United States Government saw fit to exercise some censorship as to what material could pass through the mails and that a number of periodicals preaching race superiority

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and other intolerant doctrines had been denied mailing privileges. How would it be possible to build a democratic way of life when minorities within the democracy were being sniped at and their security attacked.

The situation had reached an impasse. It was suggested that the question be appealed to an association of university professors. But partisans of the veterans' group said this was like appealing it to a modern Inquisition. The reply, of course, was that this is precisely what the veterans' group was constituting itself as—an inquisition. Those on the veterans' side said that the professors wanted academic freedom regardless of the freedom of any other group. And the apologists for the professors said that *now* a profession was being insulted and attacked and that some minorities didn't care what happened as long as "they got theirs."

Side issues began to crop out. In one corner of the quadrangle one could hear that the "professors in Germany had done a nice job of apologizing for the nazis." When the dean announced that he considered it primarily a matter of academic freedom, there were whispers in some quarters that the decision "ought to settle the nigger-lovers." When the veterans' committee answered the dean, there was dark talk of "following the party line" and "typical methods of agitators." If all this proved anything, it probably proved that when genuine reasoning is difficult or impossible, pseudo-reasoning and rationalization flourish.

Since it is a small college the issue did not reach the headlines. But was not here in microcosm being fought the same battle as in the great big world outside? The Student Senate voted unanimously at first that the book should be banned. A few weeks later it reversed itself by a vote of 5 to 3. The veterans' group was not pleased. The book has not been banned. No one expects that it will be. But the matter wasn't settled, you see. But then it remains to be settled in the macrocosm. You can write your own ending to this true story, and predict the turn of history at the same time.

The Nurse and the Specialist

E. M. BLUESTONE

WHEN YOU consider the problem of nursing you must take three representative people into consideration, two of whom must be in good physical and mental health if only because the third is helplessly sick. Let us begin with the patient and find out what he needs in the way of nursing which he cannot obtain through the immediate service of his family or friends. We can then consider the doctor-scientist, who is presumed to be able to lay out the broad strategy for recovery and give the necessary commands for effective action while dealing with highly technical details himself. With these two angles of the problem clarified the nurse will fall easily and naturally into her professional niche, much more easily and much more naturally than most people who are interested in nursing education think.

Sickness is a humiliating experience for anyone to endure. The need for being babied during illness often influences the struggle for survival which dominates the patient's will to recovery. It is one thing to be nursed by your mother during infancy—the noblest kind of nursing, from which the very word doubtless originated—or during illness in childhood, and another thing to have to be waited on hand and foot during illness in adult life. And the stronger the man before illness the greater the humiliation. In spite of the glamor exhibited by wartime posters no one who can still take care of himself wants to be nursed by anyone. When you are told that a nurse is on the case you know that the patient is helplessly sick. The nurse is seldom a luxury at the bedside. At her best she is a necessity, and that is why we want enough of them to go around when the need is genuine. In fact, we ought to have a surplus and should be willing to pay for it through some form of unemployment insurance. It would be difficult to find a profession that is more worthy of the benefits of social security than the profession of nursing.

It is important to keep such basic facts in mind and, in considering the need, lay aside those extra-bedside activities of the nursing profession which specialization and the division of labor have brought into being in recent decades. Since these activities are not directly related to the bedside, their contribution to the sick is only indirect. The nurse-technician working in the laboratories and the nurse-anesthetist working in the operating rooms are but two examples. They are technicians and anesthetists who, having been educated in bedside nursing, and in the basic sciences which still play a major rôle in preparation for such nursing, have found that their talents could be used to better advantage in a more inviting specialty, one in which sick-room knowledge is an advantage though not necessarily a prerequisite. In retaining the homely title of nurse they become hyphenated citizens with full responsibility to the laboratory and operating room and without any responsibility at all to the bedside. Yet when we are told by the statisticians in the nursing profession that we have been graduating more nurses than ever before, many of us mislead ourselves into believing that they are talking about bedside nurses when, in reality, they mean an over-all

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number which has been grouped indiscriminately under the alluring title of nurse.

These are only two examples. There are others. Public health nursing, which is preventive in character, and aeroplane service, which prefers nursing as a prerequisite (presumably because the passenger might get air-sick), might be added. Industrial nursing, reception and secretarial work, teaching and executive positions in hospitals and nursing schools, must be added to the total—and then as promptly subtracted so that we can more accurately measure the supply to see whether it meets the needs of the bedside. We have found in recent years that extra-bedside "nursing" like this can take care of itself, being obviously more attractive in many ways to the qualified nurse. We have also learned, however, that the shortage of nurses at the bedside is a menace of the first rank to life and limb and must therefore have a priority on our educational planning. For once in medical life we have permitted the non-urgent which, in this case, is easily covered to take precedence over the urgent and have distributed our bounty to the disadvantage of the patient. If we have been producing more graduate nurses than ever, what does it profit the sick man if many of them have moved away from him to the specialties which are located on the periphery of nursing? It cannot be the economic pull acting by itself which draws the qualified nurse away. We must dig deeper for additional reasons and these are, indeed, not hard to identify. Incidentally, after a certain point is passed, the more professional and the more educated the nurse the less desirable she becomes at the bedside. We now have before us the paradox of nurses who are too good for bedside nursing. Do we need, and can we afford, a highly educated registered nurse for the sick on all occasions?

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The graduate doctor-scientist cannot dissipate his energy in doing the work of a bedside nurse. There was a time when a doctor did his best work in this field, but that has now been followed by a daily routine of highly technical procedures which often compel the doctor to seek the assistance of a bedside nurse to make the patient comfortable and receptive to his ministrations. The great advances in medical science would have been cold comfort indeed without the contribution of the modern nurse. When a specialist is called in the division of labor becomes even clearer, or, when the patient must be sent to a hospital. The more helpless the patient the greater the need for a bedside nurse to take care of him and the greater the need for her assistance to the doctor in charge. If we do not clearly understand the relation of each—doctor and nurse—to the patient, we shall not lift ourselves out of the difficulty.

There is no blinking the matter. In our desire for nothing but the best to give to our patients, we have educated a group of women, many of whom find themselves eligible for, and naturally responsive to, those new nursing specialties which now beckon to them so attractively. This is one reason, and probably a major one, for the migration of the nursing profession away from the bedside. With transfers like these added to the natural losses by marriage (for which the study of nursing is, by the way, an ideal preparation) there are not enough left to do what, in our frantic search for new and acceptable designations, we now call "practical" nursing. We seem to have overlooked the fact that nursing is nothing if not practical, and that if anyone is entitled to wear the mantle of the nurse, it is the one who serves the patient at the bedside.

Someone said of the nurse what no one can say of the doctor—and it is important to note the difference, since nursing does not belong among the learned professions—"she may be a dunce in chemistry, but she is an angel at the bedside." Once this human fact is grasped we shall be in a position to tap a huge reservoir of available student-material. This will, however, require either the revision of the three-year curricula of our schools of nursing which are now based on a minimum of a high school education (and, in many instances, preferably on some college education), the establishment of an additional type of school based on a one-year course with less than a high school education (recognizing equivalents freely), or both. The one-year school of practical nursing can, indeed, supplement the three-year school, particularly if it is desired to place the latter on a university level with the privilege of offering advanced degrees in what still goes by the name of nursing. Unhampered by excessive academic requirements, we can give nature in the one-year school a heavier count than nurture and seek out for the purposes of the bedside those who are gifted that way. The value of such a course in a good school has been successfully demonstrated over and over again in some of our best hospitals during the last few years. Here lies our greatest single opportunity to staff our sick rooms on a more stable basis than ever before, while providing those who are qualified for it the opportunity to use such training as a basis for additional academic education in the various directions which our highly specialized age has opened up.

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Our nurse-training programs, noble in conception though they have undoubtedly been, have, in actual practice, overshot the mark and defeated our ends. We must try again while benefiting from the mistakes of the past.

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Communications

MARSHALL PLAN AND CIO

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: A Stalinist in the labor movement, one Paul Palazzi, asserts that James Carey had no right to represent the CIO in Europe on the ground that the CIO convention did not endorse the Marshall Plan as such. And John Cort, in the December 12 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, calmly asserts that he "is right." Mr. Cort further asserts that the CIO foreign-policy resolution—adopted at the Boston convention—was a "wishy-washy, all-things-to-all-men statement."

Mr. Cort is falling in love with logomachy and I think he is wrong. Equally important, I think that in his wrongness he is giving aid and comfort to the Stalinist position. He knows, surely, that it is the purpose of the Stalinists to wreck the Marshall Plan. If he needed confirmation on this, recent events in France and Italy give it to him. And he knows, also, that it is part of the erroneous position of the Stalinists in the labor movement to maintain that the CIO resolution was weak, in order to give them a foundation for their false position. They want people thus to translate the resolution so as to help them in their wickedness.

What Mr. Marshall said at the CIO convention was that there was a "suggestion" that the European nations should work out a plan "for their own rehabilitation," and determine the "degree and character of the outside assistance" needed. He said that the plan of the sixteen European nations had already been submitted, and was being studied. He said that "certain committees of Congress have planned to meet in a few weeks to consider first the measures which may immediately be necessary, and later the proposal soon to be submitted by the Government for assistance in the long-range rehabilitation of Europe." Everyone present knew what he meant; what his presence indicated. That Mr. Murray had invited him at all was ostensible approval of the Marshall Plan. That is the first fact.

The convention then adopted a resolution containing the following words: "The peoples of the war-devastated countries look to us for relief, rehabilitation and reconstruction. We therefore support sound programs for postwar rehabilitation. We urge in support of our nation's fight against hunger throughout the world prompt action to provide food and other economic aid for the rehabilitation of their countries." That is the essence of the resolution which, to John Cort, is all things to all men.

Mr. Cort is old enough and wise enough to know that all historians, when they seek the meaning of historical words, seek the intention of the men who used them. Let us do that.

Mr. George Baldanzi spoke on the CIO resolution at Boston. He said this: "I think we Americans can speak clearly, because I want America to know that we subscribe to those fundamental ideas that were enunciated by our Secretary of State, *no matter how in hell we write up these things in this resolution. It does not matter.*"

Mr. Baldanzi's words were an immediate exercise in interpretation. They were vehemently applauded and uncontradicted.

Mr. Walter Reuther said: "I am for the resolution. I am for the Marshall Plan." He said that the Marshall Plan "is an idea. It is a good idea. Nobody who has the spark of humanity in them, nobody who believes in the fundamental democratic ideals can oppose the Marshall Plan, because the Marshall Plan merely says that we in America who are gifted with all the things of a productive economy, who came out of the war with our great industrial capacity tremendously expanded, the Marshall Plan merely says that because we have these tremendous resources we will help the peoples of all the world to help themselves rehabilitate their economies so that they can have a fighting chance in building up a democratic society for themselves, so that they can enjoy the forms of democratic citizenship."

I submit that Mr. Reuther's remarks constituted an exercise in understanding. The fact is that Mr. Reuther's statement went uncontradicted.

Mr. Murray said many things about the resolution. Surely what he said constitutes legitimate criteria as to the meaning of the resolution:

"It was the consensus of opinion (of those who wrote the resolution) that if the Marshall Plan did not go far enough, this organization would be free to go farther than even the Marshall Plan. . . . Personally I favor the Marshall idea. The Marshall idea is to give food or economic aid to the devastated countries. No one expresses opposition to that. *Not a single solitary delegate who stood on the floor this afternoon has emitted a single word of opposition to that idea. The conventin is for it.*"

Those are the facts. In line with them Philip Murray, along with Jacob Potofsky and Walter Reuther, signed the Stimson Committee Appeal. In line with them, Mr. Murray made a broadcast beamed to Europe in which he supported the Marshall Plan.

Such was the uncontroverted intention of the resolution adopted at Boston. I submit that Mr. Palazzi is wrong. Unless he is a fool he must know he is wrong. On the basis of the expressed intent of the delegates, Mr. Carey had every right to be in Europe and to do what he did. I do not understand how so wise a man as John Cort can find that thus to be wrong is to be right.

FRANCIS DOWNING.

I thank Francis Downing for the compliment. Unfortunately, I was not able to attend the CIO convention, nor did I have access to the minutes of the convention. The first I saw of the quote that Brother Downing uses from Murray's speech was in a copy of "Steel Labor," which I read after I had written my column. I think the fact that nobody got up to differ with the statement, "The convention is for it," is pretty good evidence.

However, the quote from Baldanzi, "It does not matter . . . how in hell we write up these things in this resolution," is pretty good evidence for the other side. You don't have to be in love with—what was that word—to feel that a line should be drawn somewhere short of

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that kind of carelessness. After all, if a group of people want to go on record in favor of the Marshall Plan, it does seem that the least they could do is to mention the thing by name.

Furthermore, it is a fact that Murray wanted to avoid bringing the issue to a vote, and that he succeeded. For that success he had to pay a price. When you write a resolution which two Stalinists—Joseph Kehoe and Irving Potash—can get up and make speeches for, then you should be prepared to face the fact that a lot of people, including both friends and foes, are going to be confused and befuddled. I still think the price was too high, and that a swell opportunity was lost forever.

JOHN C. CORT

The Stage & Screen

Trial by Fire

IT SEEMS to me that George H. Dunne's plain documentary concerned with the destruction of a Negro family, about which he published several outright articles in this magazine, is clearly important and should be experienced by everyone. It was good to see the other night that the Blackfriars appear to be playing it to S.R.O. The piece is unpretentiously planned. Opening in the courtroom at the County Coroner's Inquest where the deaths of Short, his wife and two small children are supposedly being examined by the local authorities, it employs a flashback technique to show something of the home life of this American family up to the night when their home, presumptively fired by some Vigilante arrangement, exploded into the sky forever. Their crime was, of course, buying land and building a house in one of the United States of America. And they paid for it with their deaths, now irrevocably written into the local records as "accidental," despite open and honest testimony to the contrary. In staging the case the author has dealt (saving only some imaginary conversations in the family's home, based upon evidence of relatives and friends) only in facts, and the effect of this method must be to plant questions rather than answers in the audience's mind. I think the method is a good one and it is to be hoped that any public reached by this play will carry home, aside from an overwhelming sense of horror and shame, at least some speculation concerning its problem; how, for instance, the remote and rural poor are ever to receive even legal advice; what kind of organization can be made to work; most of all, how one is to be cleverer, surer, stronger than one's oppressors. That the answers to these questions are a matter of endless work, thought, money, brain and fight is patent; and that the work is already under way is equally true. Perhaps the greatest service performed by Father Dunne's piece will be, through asking questions, to swell the ranks. I may say that my overwhelming conviction in viewing the piece will be that for any worker in the cause of racial freedom, of any color or creed, the possibility of martyrdom must be discarded. Martyrdom seems to me not now a weapon at all and should be prosecuted as endlessly as the murders which cause it. For any strong, intelligent, fine citizen, such as the protagonist of this play, to walk anywhere near death at this stage of the struggle does not seem to me useful. There is a responsibility at stake here which ought to be examined and universally understood.

I thought the performance largely fine. There are faults of direction. In choosing to present the business straight through without intermission, Albert McCleery has rightly increased intensity to the breaking point, but the play is too long. A good portion of the interior scenes should have been cut. And there are bad laughs scattered throughout (audience hysteria, possibly) which ought to be reworked. Father Dunne is necessarily no theater expert, but I think he might have been helped to fit some relief—for valuable contrast—into the work, and some of the most obvious sentimentality might have been dropped. The playing of Will Marshall and Paula Mayer in the leads struck me as excellent; Thomas Roberts' Attorney sure, and all of the witnesses and small parts appropriately neat. This is necessary stuff, an honest and honorable job. Please go. (*at the Blackfriars*)

Angel in the Wings

THE SIZE of Grace and Paul Hartman's small revue, with only about a dozen people necessary, is a complete delight, and one or two of the numbers in which these hilarious dancers play the zany are very funny indeed. But they have discovered awfully little accompanying talent: the Hilliard-Sigman music is less than fair and their lyrics unmemorable. The business lacks over-all wit. I don't care much for the talky (radio?) brand of humor Hank Ladd pursues in the M.C. rôle, and neither Johnny Barnes nor Eileen Barton, as dancer and singer respectively, have outstanding quality. A girl called Elaine Stritch gave evidence of competence as well as startling good looks and I daresay is fairly launched by the proceedings, but aside from the two leads, and wonderful Viola Roache as a wonderful Hokinson lady, the evening is merely agreeable. (*at the Coronet*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

"Down the Arches of the Years"

IN SPITE of the film's obvious faults, my enthusiasm for "*The Fugitive*" is so great that I find it difficult to review. Its photography is among the most beautiful I have ever seen on the screen; in scene after scene the startling white of the buildings is effectively contrasted with the blackness of shadows and night; and the setting is perfect for the moving story of a priest who is always on the run as he is being ruthlessly pursued by the soldiers of this anti-religious government. Although this stunning photography was taken in Mexico, the locale of the film is fictional: a small state some thousand miles north or south of the equator. But its theme rings true and is as timeless as any story ever told.

In adapting Graham Greene's novel, "The Power and the Glory" (first published in this country as "The Labyrinthine Ways"), Dudley Nichols had no easy task. Its main character is a whisky priest who feels compelled

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to pray and say Mass to save his bastard child, upon whom the evils of the world are already encroaching. Although Nichols's script moves too slowly at times, it has caught the spirit of Greene's novel exceedingly well. The priest is, of course, no longer the father of the child; but he is no saint, and he admits that he has been a bad priest motivated by pride, not by courage or love of God. In the movie, as well as in the original story, this priest proves, in spite of his giving way to temptation, that he is not a coward but a man overwhelmed by love for his fellow-men.

Henry Fonda's portrayal of this rôle is excellent. He not only looks gaunt and worn-out with running, but he acts like a man persecuted by his enemies and inspired by an inner fire. And the cast who surround him, with the exception of J. Carrol Naish, who tends to overact as the *mestizo* who betrays the priest, is also good, particularly Ward Bond as the American bandit who aids the priest's escape and then ironically becomes the man for whom the priest walks into a trap; Pedro Armendariz as the lieutenant whose hatred for the religious inspires him to brutality in hunting down this last priest; lovely Dolores Del Rio as the Indian woman who brings her illegitimate baby to the priest for baptism and later imperils her own life in an attempt to lead the priest to safety.

Of course in crediting these actors, I should give major praise to John Ford, who is mainly responsible for their fine performances. Ford has directed this picture with all the care and attention that he bestowed upon his best movies; and not only in the episodes with the leads, but also in the many mob scenes filled with expressive Mexican faces, one is impressed with the intense sincerity of "The Fugitive." Perhaps occasionally this sincerity and the extraordinary beauty of the photography do slow up the action of the film, and perhaps some of the themes are so thoroughly steeped in Catholic feeling that a typical audience may have difficulty in following their real meaning. But I, for one, found the film's suspense almost unbearable at times. Many of the chase scenes are terrifying, but the greatest tension comes in the episode which shows the priest buying the bottle of wine necessary for the Mass, and then being forced into the awkward position of watching a beggar and the governor's cousin drink it. Most inspiring to Catholics is the film's finale: after the priest, the last in the state mind you, has been executed as a traitor, a group of people are praying in a darkened room; there is a knock at the door; a stranger comes in and says quietly to these persecuted people, "I am the new priest."

Because "The Fugitive" is such an unusual film, I am sorry that it is not even better. It has been strangely edited and rises too often to a series of climaxes that make the picture seem to end long before its real ending. At times its music goes in for heavenly-choir effects which, combined with the stirring photography, give the whole piece an arty tone. But I do not agree with the objections raised by some of the critics that because the so-called progressive (though unnamed) government is opposed by the Church, the Church actually fights progress. This is really a foolish argument, for if any so-called progressive régime is anti-religious it deserves opposition—not only by the Church, but all men of good will. Particularly during this Christmas season, "The Fugitive" is welcome for its inspiring message of religion surviving persecution.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Tapestries

ANNE FREMANTLE

SIX CENTURIES of French tapestries covering an acre of wall-space are being currently shown at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York—the greatest and most comprehensive display of tapestries ever arranged. The exhibition was shown in Paris first: it was planned directly hostilities ceased, and, as the French Ambassador pointed out in his speech at the opening of the exhibition, the assembled tapestries demonstrated first to the French, then to the Dutch, Belgian and British, and now here to Americans, that "France goes on."

Tapestry making in France received its greatest impetus from the rivalry of four princely brothers—King Charles V of France, Louis, Duke of Anjou, John, Duke of Berry and Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who vied with each other in collecting great series of tapestries.

The present exhibition is most remarkable in that it includes so many complete "sets"—a whole roomful of the ancient Apocalyptic Angers series, the Miracles of Saint Quentin, and the life of Saint Stephen; the Beaune Life of the Virgin; the smaller, even more exquisite set of scenes from courtly life, and, perhaps, loveliest of all, the "Lady with the Unicorn," six tapestries symbolizing the five senses. The exhibition is superbly lit and hung, chronologically, with large, concise, descriptive labels: where a group was made for a single room, it is so hung here.

Modern man, Professor Picard said, in an article recently printed in THE COMMONWEAL "drags all things towards himself chaotically and without cohesion: this proves that his own inner life is a chaos lacking cohesion." The overwhelming lesson of these tapestries is that of an interior life of supreme cohesion, manifesting itself exteriorly. For, except a cathedral, no work of art is so essentially anonymous as a tapestry, so entirely ordered; the designer may be named, but the tapestry comes into being through the cooperation of countless nameless weavers who, essentially subordinated to the pattern they serve, must perfectly make and order every stitch. Virtue, said Saint Augustine, is a setting in order of love: perhaps it would be no less true to say that art is a setting in order of beauty, and that the glory of the Gothic Ages is that for them Keats's platitude was real as it never has been before or since.

The amazing coordination and integration of the tapestries deserve the closest study: the butterfly that flies over the head of the figure pondering Saint John's revelation: the saucy rabbits scampering through so many lovely scenes—making merry about the feet of the "Lady of the Unicorn," bordering the "Life of the Virgin," idling whilst the shepherds work—are in their places, as sure of their value, and importance in creation, as the winged stags, the fearful porcupine, or the simpering unicorn admiring itself in his lady's mirror. From beasts to saints, indeed as from flowers to angels, in the medieval tapes-

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tries, the whole creation groaneth and travaileth, but also gives thanks for great glory. Perhaps it is because we are so unsure that we are creatures that we are all so uneasy? We cannot give, because we refuse just to accept our "ancient places."

"For heaven's sake what do you call the Renaissance?" was a remark overheard at the tapestries' opening, and the tapestries themselves answer: it was the coming-of-age celebration of the European nations; perhaps the gayest and most splendid festivity of all time. It went to all heads, but France had, perhaps, the worst hangover of all: the great tapestries of Louis XIV lead directly to the inane pastel hues loved of Boucher, and thence to the somber hues of the Revolution. The modern tapestries are exciting: strong colors, brave designs, a feeling for form that sometimes—as in Dufy's "Summertime" and Savin's "Salamander" and the Saint Saens's "Four Seasons," is magnificently successful. Everyone who enjoyed the *Life* articles on medieval and Renaissance Europe this summer will have their understanding deepened by one, and better, by many, visits to the Metropolitan's great exhibition. The human animal, like his creaturely fellows, has a fairly sound instinct, if left to himself, as to what he needs to cure himself: as cats seek grass and cows salt, so perhaps this new enthusiasm for the Middle Ages is something medicinally valuable to modern man in disorder. Like Paul Verlaine, he may cry, as he steps out of the museum into our chaotic century,

C'est vers le moyen âge, énorme et délicat
Qu'il faudrait que mon esprit en panne navigûat.

Militarist and Moralist

WARREN RAMSEY

IN HIS FINAL chapter, summing up what the Germans have thought and written about Frederick the Great*, Mr. Gooch says that Ranke, Olympian among the historians, "was never tempted by biography. Though there are some striking pictures in his immense portrait gallery, he was more interested in states than in individuals. His first plan (for what eventually became the 'Twelve Books of Prussian History') was a history of Frederick's reign."

Though he maintains in his preface that "this book is not another biography," Mr. Gooch goes on to say that "the immense political and military achievements of the patron saint of Germany, as Lord Roseberry described him, have tended to divert attention from the man and overshadowed his activities as writer, thinker, and correspondent. The object of this book is to portray a unique and many-sided personality, at once fascinating and repulsive, from various angles. . . ." Biographies contain such portrayal; and Mr. Gooch's title contains an admission of biographical concern. Mr. Gooch has yielded at least in part to the temptation from which Ranke was exempt.

To the extent which Mr. Gooch has written biography he has written an unsatisfactory book. He is a professional and highly practiced historian. Like Ranke, he is interested in governments, in diplomacy, in movements civil and military. He is thus able to give in his first three chapters an extremely useful if somewhat bristling account of the rise of Prussia. Since Mr. Gooch is concerned with Frederick the Ruler in every chapter except the three reserved for Voltaire, and since the latter subject survives any treatment, Mr. Gooch's book is of value throughout. But it is of most value where it is the purest history with Frederick as principal agent. The book does not add greatly to our understanding of Frederick as Writer or Man.

Further, the book shows too much its origin as independent articles in the *Contemporary Review*. After the first three chapters devoted to nothing but the Prussian state we tend to look for similar linear treatment of an author and an individual. Not finding that, we look for some kind of synthesis, which we do not find either. What we do find is several lines of inquiry which never join, and a vast number of facts; including elementary facts repeated from chapter to chapter as they are needed to support the various lines. "Facts are always interesting," said Taine. Taine was dedicated in his way to the scientific ideal. But Taine's whole practice proves that facts acquire interest only as they serve ideas. Mr. Gooch does not advance ideas. He seems not to have made up his mind whether Princess Wilhelmina's criticism of her brother's character was malicious or not. We wonder what he thinks about Frederick the Great, after all. In place of a conclusion of his own he quotes the conclusions of other men, one after another; and we finish "Frederick the Great" believing that we learn best from those who have a point of view. The prejudiced Prussians, even the idolatrous Droysen, actually inform us better about Frederick.

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It was only in the seventeenth century that the Electorate of Brandenburg began to acquire those scattered provinces—Cleves, Mark and Ravensburg in the Rhineland, East Prussia—which were to nourish its force. Frederick William, the Great Elector, began to rule in 1640, and during forty-eight laborious years brought Brandenburg-Prussia well forward from feudalism. In 1688, about the time that the old European order began to change seriously in many domains, Frederick I came to the throne which he contrived to have called a royal throne. Frederick I was a petty Louis XIV, and his grandson, Frederick the Great, despised his vanity. But there is no doubt that the socially ambitious little ruler who coaxed a royal title out of the House of Hapsburg gave his country valuable prestige in its competition with

* Frederick the Great: the Ruler, the Writer, the Man. G. P. Gooch. Knopf. $5.00.

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Saxony and Bavaria. Frederick William I gave to his brilliant son other arms: the army, the money, the effective bureaucratic state with which to break the spell laid by the Empire and to assume European importance. There is eternal human value in the situation of the dessicated drillmaster, domestic tyrant, expert in domestic affairs and rank amateur in the larger European questions, supremely puzzled by his bizarre, intellectual son. The old man had his grenadiers hold his son's head at the window when they executed Katte, the giddy friend of his youth.

At the time of Katte's death Frederick was eighteen years old, and the execution was a farewell to youth, a summons to work and his own kind of accomplishment. His father gave him little part in the government. He settled down in the country, at Rheinsberg, and matured his plans deeply. Almost immediately after his father's death, Frederick wrongfully and against his right took possession of Silesia. There were pretexts: Prussia had approved the Pragmatic Sanction, arrangement by which Charles VI had secured the Austrian succession for Maria Theresa, only on condition that Austria support Prussian claims to the duchies of Jülich and Berg on the lower Rhine; this Austria had not done. Prussia had ancient claims, annulled by Vienna, to three of the nine duchies of Lower Silesia, and further claimed one duchy in Upper Silesia. Prussia had no right to the whole of the territory into which Frederick moved in 1740. The best that Koser, the ultimate authority on Frederick, can find to say is that Frederick's action sprang from "ambition ennobled by the fact that it was warmed at the holy fire of patriotism." As Bismarck put it honestly, "Frederick the Great stole Silesia."

By so doing he laid out the main work of the rest of his life. Maria Theresa was too energetic to submit passively. In the Second Silesian War of 1744-45, in the Seven Years' War, Frederick had to defend his conquest. In the Seven Years' War he also had to defend his existence against Austria, France, Russia, and was saved not only by his remarkable tenacity but also by a nod of that Fortune which he was always writing about in his letters: the death of the Empress Elizabeth and the sudden withdrawing of the Russians.

Frederick upset a relatively stable Europe, and it is hard to say just how far the effects of his aggressive militarism have reached. Good historians within Germany—not the official Prussians, of course, most of whom have been unfulfilled tank corps commanders at heart, but the so-called *Grossdeutsch* group—have argued that Frederick ruined the possible harmony of the German-speaking world. The conclusion of the great Austrian historian Ritter von Srbik in *"Deutsche Einheit,"* that scholars should be neither *Grossdeutsch* nor *Kleindeutsch,* neither Austrian nor Prussian, but *Gesammtdeutsch,* does not alter the accomplished facts. The most humane of the Germans, notably Thomas Mann in *Frederick and the Great Coalition,* have agreed with Maria Theresa that Frederick was a wicked man. It is probably safe to say that Frederick's militarism leads far beyond the bloodshed he caused in his own century, as far as what Mr. Gooch well calls the Thirty Years' War of our own century.

What are we to think about the second part of Bismarck's famous sentence: "Frederick the Great stole Silesia, yet he is one of the greatest men of all time." Certainly Frederick's personality was polyhedral. But did he advance the conception of what a government can do for its people? As a statesman he thought of nothing new. He kept the peasantry producing the two kinds of fodder; the burghers further Frederick's narrow mercantile conception of the wealth of a nation; the nobility furnished the natural leaders in the "inevitable" wars, and if by any chance the nobility failed to lead, as Frederick's brother August Wilhelm failed after the disaster of Kolin in 1757, they were brutally disgraced.

What did Frederick do for the intellectual fortune of his nation? He did exactly nothing for German writers. Mirabeau asked him why, after their meeting of July, 1786. Frederick answered cleverly, perhaps profoundly: "What could I have done to favor German writers compared with the benefits I conferred by letting them go their own way?" If the best encouragement was to pass on to the new German intellectuals some of the contempt he had received from his father, Frederick was the patron of German letters.

What was the significance of Frederick's rehabilitation of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, his collection of *Philosophes* imported from France? The Berlin Academy reminds one a little of another hobby of Frederick's, his collection of fine snuff-boxes. The *Philosophes* were shiny and Frederick took snuff. The German who was the state needed intellectual companionship in a Germany considered uncouth. The Academy was a superior form of self-indulgence.

★

Voltaire could have been the most brilliant exhibit if he had been more docile. In order to have Voltaire at Berlin for three uneasy years, from 1750 to 1753, and for the exchange of ideas, Frederick corresponded with Voltaire over a period of forty-two years and had long patience with Voltaire's miserliness and worse defects. Frederick let Voltaire go from Berlin only when the *"Diatribe du Docteur Akakia"* ruined Maupertuis, president of the Academy, and blotted the reputation of Frederick's institution.

Mr. Gooch approaches the relations of Voltaire and Frederick as he approaches all other questions, by digest of documents: in this case the three volumes of correspondence. Only here Mr. Gooch's method is especially unsatisfactory, because the correspondence consists in such large part of vast, roomy, drafty compliments. It might have been profitable to quote a few to show eighteenth century taste in insincerity. It was not worthwhile to quote dozens.

Frederick noted correctly that Voltaire was capable of "the malice and tricks of a monkey." A few months after his arrival in Berlin in 1750 he speculated illegally and sordidly in depreciated Saxon currency. It was in the cause of personal jealousy, not abstract truth, that Voltaire pilloried Maupertuis and his mathematical principle of least action. Yet we cannot help feeling slightly sorry for Voltaire, for instance when he returned to his quarters at Sans Souci after an absence and "found the walls of his room painted in yellow, the color of disfavor, and the furniture covered with needlework depicting the fables of the fox." LaMettrie reported to Voltaire that the King had said: "I shall want him for about another year. One squeezes the orange and throws away the skin." We had felt sorry for Voltaire as early as 1743, the time of his fourth meeting with Frederick, when Voltaire in the

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rôle of amateur diplomatist tried to pry state information out of the King, and Frederick, knowing all about it, laughed at him secretly. Frederick was so much the harder man. There is a certain ultimate innocence about the contriving Voltaire, the innocence of the man of imagination in the grip of the man of affairs.

As a political theorist Frederick was unimpressive. The *"Anti Machiavel"* which Voltaire edited and issued at the Hague in 1740 involved a misunderstanding of the precarious existence of those little Italian states which Machiavelli was writing about; and Frederick's work turns out at the end not to be against Machiavelli at all, since Frederick excuses aggressive war.

He did not have an original judgment in literature, where he was imprisoned by narrow neo-classical prejudices. Not only did he think that Voltaire's *"Henriade"* was a great poem—everybody thought that. But Frederick was absolutely uncomprehending of anything that lay outside the neo-classical pool of light. In the work of his which is now the most widely read, *"De la littérature allemande, des défaults qu'on peut lui reprocher,"* etc., he speaks of the works of Rabelais and Montaigne as "crude and graceless." He further says, "To show you how little taste there is in Germany you have only to go to the play. There you will see the abominable pieces of Shakespeare translated into our language, and the whole audience in transports as they listen to these ridiculous farces worthy of Canadian savages. I thus describe them because they are against all the rules of the theater. These rules are not arbitrary: you find them in the 'Poetics' of Aristotle. . . ."

Often and rather naïvely, as though it were to him that the thought occurred first, Frederick echoes the intellectual leaders. "Two unhappy words, 'mine' and 'thine,' have spoiled everything," he wrote to Marie Antonie, Electress of Saxony, in 1765. "Thence came interest, envy, injustice, violence, all the crimes"—as though Rousseau had not begun the second part of the "Discourse on the Origin of Inequality" with a strikingly similar idea. Frederick also uses Voltaire's description of the earth in "Zadig" as a "little atom of mud" without quotation marks.

Things of the mind came second for Frederick. But they did hold a strongly entrenched secondary position. His historical writing continued throughout his life; his technique of French verse writing worked at tirelessly, even on the most somber evenings of the Seven Years' War: these were only two more of the activities of a man whose intellectual curiosity was real. He respected men who wished to learn, if only about their work. Joseph II, who became Emperor and co-regent of Austria in 1765, promised to be the most dangerous enemy Frederick had ever had, for the King was prematurely aged and tired by the Seven Years' War and the Empepror was "all fire," as Frederick described him. Frederick wrote of Joseph after their first meeting in 1769: "He will equal if not surpass Charles V by his craving for self-instruction, his ardor to fit himself for his career."

★

The roots of Frederick's many interests ran deep into the kind of indomitable, inquiring, mistaken man he was. We cannot get off with saying that he was the robber of Silesia, the partitioner of Poland, a slightly hollow political theorist, a self-justifying historian, a bad French poet, a creature of the Enlightenment who happened to occupy a throne. Somehow, all subtractions made, Frederick is "one of our masters," as Sainte-Beuve said. And Mr. Gooch's book fails signally to make us feel that. He communicates no spark of that electricity which Carlyle in four volumes, Sainte-Beuve in a few pages, and many other students of Frederick have been able to transmit between subject and reader.

Ever since Ranke's volume, "The Years of Peace," historians and biographers have grounded Frederick's title to greatness in considerable part on his accomplishments between wars. At least Frederick was no military self-glorifier. He believed that war was necessary but he did not like it. In later years he called himself "the king of the down-and-out," "the poor man's lawyer," just as in the *"Antimachiavel"* he had described the monarch as "le premier domestique de l'état." Frederick gave himself absolutely to the state as he understood it.

But Frederick's peacetime accomplishments seem limited and precarious, only healing the country as best could be for a new plunge. What has not been written about sufficiently or at all is Frederick the Moralist, meaning here by moralist one who is able to write deeply about manners, motives, minds. Here is a Character that La Bruyère could not include, that of Kaunitz, the Austrian foreign minister. "Prince Kaunitz," Frederick reported after his meeting with the minister and Joseph in 1769, "has given me a lengthy lecture, and I think that I have read his character. I take him for a very clever man. His judgment is sound and clear, but he is so full of himself that he thinks himself an oracle on politics and other people pupils whom he has to teach. I believe that he takes me for a soldier without any idea of politics, and I confess that he rather amused me. Yet I have been very glad to make his acquaintance, and no one would deny him a fine brain and wide knowledge of affairs." There is a mixture of tolerance and discernment here which seems to me very rare.

It is a curious fact that the man who seized Silesia and partitioned Poland was a profound and not unkindly analyst of himself and others. The fact is not too surprising. Retz, the great French moralist of the previous century, had no morals either public or private. Montluc and d'Aubigné, fine memorialist and fine poet of the Wars of Religion, were naturally very cruel men, far crueller than the Frederick who wrote (I for one believe him): "If I had had the good luck to be born in a private station, I would never have gone to law. I would have given even my shirt and made my living in some honest industry. With princes it is different. The opinion prevails that if they are moderate they are dupes and cowards. Some easy-going and kindly rulers have been despised by their peoples. I admit that such false judges deserve disdain. Yet public opinion decides reputations, and however much we are inclined to brave the verdicts of the tribunal we must sometimes pay it respect." Some of the principles which Frederick brought to bear were noble, and when he was writing to someone he loved, his sister Wilhelmina, even to someone he respected, d'Alembert, d'Argens, Voltaire grown old when the two men knew each other very well, he could write with charity was well as penetration. Frederick's private honesty, his capacity for admitting to a friend that he was exhausted, lonely, all but beaten, was heroic. Few men have been able to live with so few illusions.

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Books of the Week

The Trollope Reader. Selected and edited by Esther Cloudman Dunn and Marion E. Dodd. Oxford. $3.75.

MISS DUNN and Miss Dodd have presented the essence of Trollope with a discerning and definitive eye. By no means should the reader skip their lucid and inviting introduction in which Trollope, his period and his relation to our present day are beautifully described and precisely correlated.

All angles of Trollope's writing are included, and not crowded into the "Reader"; his dry, ironic society portraits, hysterical servants, pompous (and rascally) professionals, succinct opinions on art, politics, women; in short, a vivid cross-section of Mid-Victorian life. It is easy to see why Anthony Trollope has been so enthusiastically revived. The modernity of his approach is startling, and it is universal enough to be applied to many facets of our own rat-race.

Trollope's characters do not have the obvious robustness of Dickens's people, but they are none the less three-dimensional for their subtler delineation.

Seldom have I encountered an anthology so well-chosen, so affectionately winnowed as the Dunn-Dodd Trollope Reader. For anyone who has not read any of the Master previously, it should be tantalizing enough to send him flying out for any of Trollope's books he can lay his hands on. As for the editors of the "Reader," *this* reader hopes they will not stop at Trollope.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

And Call It Peace. Marshall Knappen. Chicago. $3.00.

THERE is a considerable library abuilding on the American experiment in administrating defeated Germany. The reasons are fairly clear, and the current news gives them emphasis. Many of the AMG officers disapproved of the policy they were called upon to enforce after our victory in arms. Since they were largely recruited from the educational world, they were accustomed to give vent to their discontents. Subsequent developments have raised their original doubts to burning convictions. The volume under review belongs to this growing class of critical analyses of our post-war activities in Germany.

There is considerable value in these writings, even though they are somewhat belated. We are still haunted by the ghost of the Morgenthau policy. It is hard for an organization, and especially a government, to admit that it was previously in error. The difficulty is greater since the "tough policy" toward Germany can be shown to have had the approval of the late President. The result is that our relations with Germany are uncertain and vacillating: witness the decision to dismantle some German plants, while we push forward to recreate German productive capacity.

There is no uncertainty in this author, who is a distinguished Professor of History and Political Science at Michigan State, and who was Chief of the Religious Affairs Section of AMG, and Deputy Chief of the Educational Section. The title sets the tone. It is derived from the old quotation about the Roman legions who made a desert and called it a peace. If there is any doubt the sub-title is more explicit: "America's Dangerous Blunders in Re-educating the Germans." The text merely cites chapter and verse using the familiar technique of a chronicle of wartime experience with damaging criticism of our policy. The book is a catalogue of errors: we adopted a negative approach by emphasizing deindustrialization and denazification. We have failed to provide an economic base for a future German democracy. The Army was incompetent, terrified by the press, and paralyzed after Patton's removal for a few injudicious remarks. Part of the difficulty stemmed from the fact that our policy during the war was Russian-orientated. We should have known better, thinks the author, for the Russians had already shown during the war that they had no intention of co-operating. The net result was the absurd zonal division, with consequences sometimes ludicrous, at times tragic.

The author had direct contact with the leaders of the various German churches, and pays deserved tribute to German Catholicism, which kept itself remarkably untainted from the Nazi plague. He gives examples of practical solutions of difficulties, despite the hampering effect of impossible directives and military bungling. Occasionally there is an ironic note, as in the incident of the "missing" camera of Pastor Niemoeller.

It is my opinion that Dr. Knappen weakens his argument by overstating his case against the Army. He is not content with the usual civilian dissatisfaction with the military, much of it justified. He attempts a general indictment of our whole military system, which has the weakness of all sweeping generalizations. On his reckoning, we could hardly have won the war. With this exception, the reader should profit by his observations; perhaps, as the author hopes, we may still salvage something from the wreckage.

J. N. MOODY.

Black Tents of Arabia. Carl Raswan. Creative Age. $3.00.

Introduction to Iran. Elgin Groseclose. Oxford. $3.50.

FOR nearly thirty years Carl Raswan originally a German, but now an American citizen, has lived "on and off" amongst the Bedouin Arabs "migrating, hunting and feasting with them." His very moving account of a prolonged stay amongst the tribe of the Ruala, first published in 1935, is now reissued, in a handsome edition, with the author's own photographs. Mr. Raswan has devoted his life to the search for, and the breeding of, pure Arab horses, and has for many years been in charge of a stud farm in California. He was frankly not interested in exploration or adventure, for, quite simply, "just the love of horses" promoted his wanderings. This book should be read by every Zionist: it is a simple and very instructive description of the Arab way of life. The author had no axes to grind: the reason he was allowed to live with the Arabs on the most intimate terms, and was, as he says, implicitly trusted by them, was "The simple fact that I refrained from mingling in their politics, and . . . was careful to adhere to all their cherished customs and prejudices, particularly those relating to their women." Raswan tells the story of how he came to be blood brother to the young Amir Fuaz: admits frankly that in World War I he fought for his fatherland against the Allies, arriving in California after the armistice with $1.50 in his pocket. By 1925 he was back in Arabia, traveling with an exceedingly handsome young chief called Faris, and romantically meeting with him the Bedouin shepherdess, Tuëma. The tender, savage, tragic love-story of these two is the best story in the whole

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book, and gives it shape; much else is horrible and pointless: the cruel raids, the famines. It is with relief that one learns that Raswan was of some practical help in finding pastures for his desert friends, for it seems now unlikely that "the burning hope that poignantly arose in him, that there would always be room enough on the earth for his Bedouins" will be fulfilled. Indeed in spite of the romantic language in which he relates the Arab life, the existence led by these tribesmen is curiously futile. This life of killing, mating, hunting, and pasturing their flocks, with cattle lifting and horse-copping for milder entertainments is savage and primitive. Allah is constantly invoked, but with rhetorical flourish, rather than mystic fervor. As a society that of the Arab chiefs extraordinarily resembles nineteenth century English country gentry or Prussian junkers: it is easy to understand why the former has had such a following amongst both the latter classes.

How different the Persians! "The most striking feature of the Persians as a nation is their passion for metaphysical speculation. This passion, so far from being confined to the learned classes, permeates all ranks," wrote E. G. Browne. Poets always, and poets still today, with poetry not an esoteric art but one that men of affairs do not disdain; artists all, whether they are making rugs, embroidery, silver or brass work, precious inlay, illuminated books or superb architecture, the spirit of Persia is primarily artistic, Mr. Groseclose writes, "and finds its medium in line and form. Persian culture represents a completeness of specialization, a concentration of all the faculties and inspiration of a race upon that which is beautiful, and the expression of this beauty in a fashion that is at once infinitely narrow and infinitely varied." Mr. Groseclose has been for twenty-five years in close contact with the country of which he writes so glowingly: as a teacher in Tabriz in his youth, later as Treasurer General of Iran. This book is most interesting about the reign of Riza Shah Pahlavi: from the coup d'état of 1921 on, Mr. Groseclose gives a most detailed and circumstantial account of the Shah's reforms, and of the complicated balance he has kept between the Scylla of Russia and the Charybdis of the British Empire. Perhaps Mr. Groseclose overdoes the parallel between Persians and Texans: perhaps he is almost comic in his almost superstitious avoidance of the word Russian: for example, he wriggles through a long sentence anent "the major factor in the modern political history of Iran" having been "the glacial-like movement southward of the political mass on the north" as though the USSR were as unmentionable as the Good People are in Irish mythology, or the Pig in French nurseries. But, in spite of being unable to make up his mind whether Great Britain or the USSR has been the greater villain in their designs upon Persia, he succeeds in giving a very succinct, orderly account of the extraordinarily complicated current history of Iran: his simplification of the Caspian Sea fisheries dispute, for example, and his very fair appraisal of the opium question, should be required reading for anyone having dealings with Middle Eastern problems.

But why, O why, have neither of these books a map? Mr. Raswan's is handicapped by this lack; Mr. Groseclose's actually crippled. In neither book are the photos any compensation for the absence of maps; in neither, indeed, are they more than fairly good; they could most profitably have been sacrificed in both books to make room for just *one* map each. ANNE FREMANTLE.

Co-operative Democracy. James Peter Warbasse. Harper. $3.00.

THIS IS the fifth revised edition of a book which the publishers refer to, however accurately or inaccurately, as "the bible of the consumers' cooperative movement"—the author, as the first president of the Cooperative League of the US being, as it were, the high priest of the movement in America.

One hesitates, of course, to criticize a bible, particularly one which has gone through several editions and has been translated into at least nine of the modern languages. But now is the time for all good men to tell the truth as they see it, even at the risk of being accused of blasphemy.

Briefly, if this is the bible of the cooperative movement, the cooperative movement is a false religion—a nonsensical mixture of genuinely high idealism and genuinely bad political philosophy. Mind you, I am not lining up with the Tax Equality Association. I believe in cooperatives, and I believe that they ought to be tax-exempt. I believe that they are an important part of any sound program of social reconstruction, but only a part. And so on, and so forth.

I also believe, however, that political society has its origin in the nature of man and that the state, while obliged to abide by the principle of subsidiarity, is the supreme authority in the temporal order. If I understand him correctly, Dr. Warbasse holds precisely the opposite theory. He believes that "the state was created as an organization in which the dominant forces in society protected themselves against the suppressed forces. The state developed as an institution for the protection of privilege. Its perpetuation depends upon force. . . . When we go back far enough we find that states and governments started not so much as movements of the people, but rather as the efforts of a privileged class . . . to have their privileges, which were got by force of arms, legalized and made secure."

He concedes reluctantly that "government has its place" for the time being, but he seems to subscribe to what he refers to as "the philosophy of libertarianism"—a philosophy which "is based upon the theory that all forms of government rest upon violence and are therefore harmful as well as unnecessary." As a matter of fact, seldom, if ever, before have I read such a cynical analysis of the origin, the nature, and the function of political society. The following page references are pointed to as proof of this contention and as evidence that the co-op movement is leaning on a fragile reed if it is actually using Dr. Warbasse's treatise as its bible: pp. 126, 128, 179. One of these references (p. 179) is quoted herewith verbatim, as it were in self-defense—to dispel any possible suspicion that the reviewer is making a mountain out of a mole-hill: "As to the criminal who has offended against the individual or against society, he is either sick or he is the creation of the political state. Co-operative democracy should not recognize him. There is no criminal. Of all the crimes committed by the political society, among the greatest are its crimes against its criminals. As the political society multiplies laws, it multiplies criminals. The number of criminals is increased while the human character remains unchanged. This is a political paradox. The state makes criminals and then proceeds to commit crimes against them."

Well, to make a long story short, Dr. Warbasse is led

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by the force of his own logic to express the hope and to make the optimistic prophecy that the co-op movement will eventually replace the state: "By this practical means of building from the ground upward, as the cooperative societies are now doing, a nongovernmental society is in process of creation in the place of the political state. The present structure of co-operative societies is well adapted to an all-embracing expansion." And again: "As civilization proceeds, the useful functions now performed (by the state) continue to devolve more and more upon the co-operative society. In the course of time, it may be possible, the relic of the political state would remain as the Bureau of Extrasocial Affairs, having to do largely with the vagrant nonco-operative souls who do not fit into the co-operative society."

This is serious business. It isn't as though Dr. Warbasse were just another co-op enthusiast writing an essay on anarchy for his own amusement. He is writing as the elder statesman of a movement which he has labored mightily to develop and in which he is rightfully revered. But he's writing nonsense. His political philosophy is wrong and dangerously so—not for the country, to be sure, but for the future of the co-op movement in the United States.

Why hasn't someone within the movement publicly challenged him? Surely there must be many influential people in the movement who don't agree with his political philosophy. Can it be that the movement is so enamored of decentralization and the principle of subsidiarity that it can sit by complacently while one of its principal spokesmen elevates these two principles into a fetish and, in effect, into a denial of the necessity of political society—and thereby, incidentally, makes the movement itself look ridiculous? Good will and cooperative fellowship are attractive and necessary virtues, but there simply isn't any substitute for correct thinking. The head is ever so much more important than the heart in the writing of a treatise on political philosophy.

Dr. Warbasse is admittedly an expert guide in tracing the history of the co-op movement at home and abroad and in outlining the essentials of successful cooperation. This part of his book is instructive and thoroughly satisfactory. Again, however, one wonders if the Doctor's very enthusiasm for the movement may not be the principal weakness of his book. Is it true, for example, that the co-op movement is the only substitute for statism? If it is, all of us had better prepare to go underground.

Others in the United States, fortunately, have a more realistic outlook on the usefulness of cooperatives. The UAW-CIO, to take a current example, is beginning to plug for cooperatives. That's good. But the UAW looks upon cooperatives as only a part of the over-all answer to our economic problems. Much more important in the total program of the UAW is the establishment of a system of industry councils in American economic life to work out democratically a balanced relationship among prices, profits, and wages. Dr. Warbasse, significantly, doesn't even mention the possibility of such an approach—perhaps because it would involve (for shame!) the cooperation of the government and would presuppose the supremacy of the political state in the temporal order.

"Qui nimis probat, nihil probat"—or, he who tries to say too much in favor of the cooperative movement is doing the movement a great disservice.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

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The Angry Decade. Leo Gurko. Dodd. $3.00.

THIS IS ONE man's view of the social and literary history of the United States in the less angry than fear-struck decade of the 1930's. It's an unusual book. And it's a tormenting book—so well written, so full of good things about books and writers, and yet so false in the picture it gives of that period that began with the crash of stocks in Wall Street and ended with the crash of bombs at Pearl Harbor.

Dr. Gurko is a college professor, a teacher of English. I am told by one of his faculty colleagues that he's a "rousing good" teacher and by one of his students that he's a "thrilling" teacher; and, having read his book, I am quite willing to accept both judgments. He is also a thundering good writer. He doesn't know the meaning of "significant," and he seems unaware that, to a large extent, he writes out of an emotion that's still deeply colored by the accidents of his early home and educational environment; in short, he has not yet come to understand—though he's 33 years old—that he has a duty to take his brains out occasionally and wash them clean of prejudice. But he can write just the same; can make his sentences whip and sing and even blaze when he wants to, and can make you almost feel the lift of his paragraphs rising to their crests.

What's more, his judgment of books is, in general, sound. I think nobody, for example, has seen so clearly into Thomas Wolfe and summed him up so shrewdly.

But surely Dr. Gurko was ill-advised in venturing outside the literary field. His world sense is not good, and seems to be essentially emotional. Nowhere does he reveal that knowlege of cold facts which alone would give him any right to judge the movement of world events. And nowhere in his writing does he show the restraining influence of even a general knowledge of the "inwardness" of things during the 1930's. On the other hand, his positive assertions at times are childish—founded, I suspect, upon nothing more nor less than that mild form of mass-hysteria that can often be detected when college professors get together for a "vigorous and stimulating exchange of ideas."

Hysterical, certainly, is Dr. Gurko's view that Huey Long was a serious menace to this country, and that his death "altered the whole course of the decade, and perhaps the whole course of history as well." Simply false, as a statement of fact, is Dr. Gurko's assertion that after Huey's death "the country realized in a sudden sweat of relief how dangerous was the man . . . how narrow its escape." Let me ask: Is this really supposed to be history, or is Dr. Gurko trying to cook up hatred of somebody?

DAVID MARSHALL.

Rebel At Large. Recollections of Fifty Years. George Creel. Putnam's. $3.75.

THE READER must select the chapters if he comes out with a single opinion of George Creel's fifty years as a free-lancer, a social rebel. He must select the chapters because when Mr. Creel is good, he is very good, and when he is terrible, it is best to open up all the doors and windows.

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In Kansas City, as a young man, he measured off moral behavior with the Tom Pendergast gang and came off the winner. In Denver he threw his journalistic weight against reaction, and did his bit to make the handling of prostitution a social crusade against all injustice. He knew men who advocated needed reforms "long before the yeasty emotionalism of the New Deal," he said, and in this way he managed to live into the Franklin D. Roosevelt era, making enemies much faster than he made friends. This is the story.

George Creel happens to be one of the people of this world who is born ahead of his time and lives too long watching the earth catch up with him. He is not innately wrong, but he is human, and being human he has his own hopes and ambitions. But being in public life with an eye on the stars, Mr. Creel made enemies, and the enemies made him err, and when he erred, they just got into the habit of smacking George Creel all over the canvas, and they have not stopped it yet.

The workings of life in Washington found George Creel out front in World War I. He was not as good as he thought he was, and any living Negro with a memory for the Creel type of "unity" propaganda, will accuse him of aiding the anti-Negro forces who made the nation's capital the big-time Jim-Crow symbol that it is. But George Creel thought he was doing the right thing. In his book he refers to a single Negro, Dr. Emmet J. Scott, as "this able, understanding man" who "handled the problems of his people." All 10,000,000 of them, more or less, just like that, it seemed to Mr. Creel.

Anyway, it is the great ideal of Woodrow Wilson against a Congress of plotting reactionaries, and a masterful Franklin D. Roosevelt who did not let Mr. Creel get beyond the chairmanship of several non-functioning New Deal committees. Select your chapters and take your choice. It is about even. GEORGE STREATOR.

The Stage: A Correction

A combination of errors obscured a key sentence in last week's "Galileo" review. What I wished to note was, of course, "Robert Davison's exact architectural set, Hans Eisler's exact rememberable music, the further players . . ." etc. The fact of Experimental Theatre's command of such fine talents for "honor," as Charles Laughton has it, rather than money, unquestionably rates this reasonable subscription as the most important bargain in town. K. P.

CONTRIBUTORS

Thomas MERTON, poet and essayist, is a member of the Order of Cistercians of the Strict Observance at Our Lady of Gethsemani, Kentucky.

Frank A. RILEY has sold material to the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *New Leader*, THE COMMONWEAL and other periodicals.

E. M. BLUESTONE is the Director of Montefiore Hospital, New York.

Warren RAMSEY teaches at Yale University.

Elizabeth JOHNSON reviews books for the Sunday *Times*, THE COMMONWEAL and other publications.

Rev. J. N. MOODY, a Naval Chaplain during the war, teaches at Cathedral College in New York.

Rev. George G. HIGGINS teaches sociology at the Catholic University of America.

David MARSHALL is on the staff of the New York *Sun* and the author of "Grand Central."

George STREATOR is on the staff of the New York *Times*.

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